

My
TRUNDLE BED

BALLAD
BY

J. C. BAKER.



CHICAGO

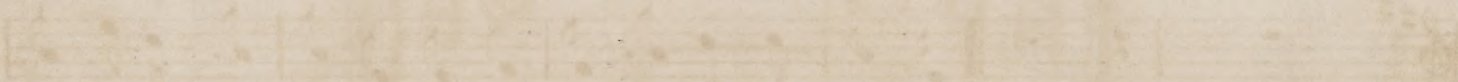
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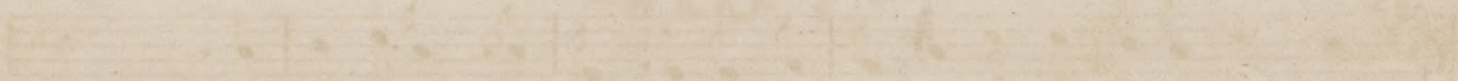
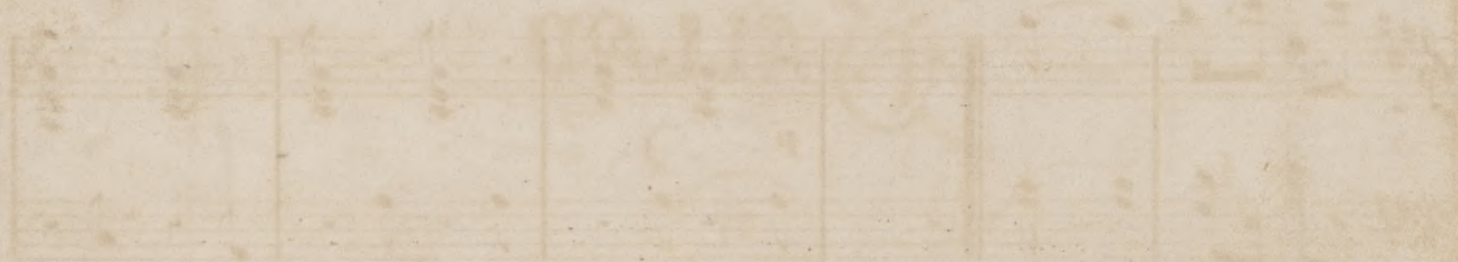
J. D. Pearson
N. Y.

MY TRUNDLE BED.

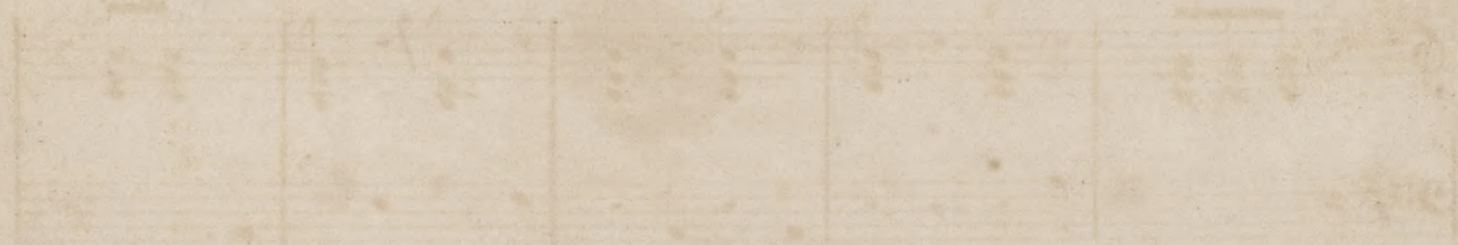
J. C. BAKER



1. A. 1. I remember that the night I lay in bed,
2. A. 2. I heard a voice, saying that I had been for
3. A. 3. I heard a voice, saying that I had been for



4. A. 4. I heard a voice, saying that I had been for
5. A. 5. I heard a voice, saying that I had been for
6. A. 6. I heard a voice, saying that I had been for



MY TRUNDLE BED.

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Moderato. ³ ² ¹ ⁴

mf

1. As I rummag'd thro' the at-tic, List'ning to the falling
 3. As I list'ned, recol-lections That I tho't had been for-
 6. Years have pass'd, and that dear mother Long has moulder'd neath the

p

rain, As it patter'd on the shingles And a- gainst the window pane;
 - got, Came with all the gush of mem'ry, Rushing, thronging to the spot;
 sod, And I trust her sainted spi-rit Rev-els in the home of God:

Peeping o - ver chests and box - es, Which with dust were thick - ly spread; Saw I in the
 And I wander'd back to childhood, To those merry days of yore, When I knelt be -
 But that scene at summer twilight, Nev - er has from mem' - ry fled, And it comes in

farthest corner, What was once my trundle bed.
 - side my mother; By this bed up - on the floor.
 all its freshness When I see my trundle bed.

mf

2. So I drew it from the recess, Where it had remain'd so
 4. Then it was, with hands so gently Placed up - on my infant
 5. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im - port great and

p

long,— Hearing all the while the mu-sic Of my mother's voice in song;
head, That she taught my lips to ut-ter Careful-ly the words she said;
deep— After which I learned to ut-ter "Now I lay me down to sleep;"

Larghetto.
As she sung in sweetest accents, What I since have oft-en read— "Hush, my dear, lie
Nev-er can they be forgotten, Deep are they in mem'ry riven— "Hallowed be Thy
Then it was with hands up-lift-ed, And in ac-cents soft and mild, That my mother

ad lib:
still and slum-ber, Holy an-gels guard thy bed."
name, O Father! Father! Thou who art in heaven."
asked—"Our Fa-ther! Father! do Thou bless my child!"

colla voce. *p* *morendo.*

